



concerns by Kyōnosuke Hoshigaya Hoshigaya Hoshigaya

TELEVISION
CLEANING
PROFANITY
TYPE
EXPLICIT
SCIENCE

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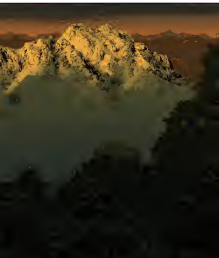
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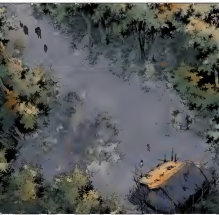
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GO SI

RYU KI-WOON MOON JUNG-HOO
MOON MYEONG-JU HAN BYEONG-HUN

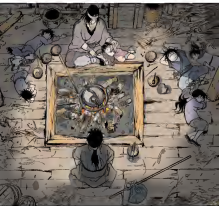
CHAPTER 60
WILD DOGS (2)















AH...
YOU DON'T
NEED TO DO
THAT, SIR.

NO, IT'S
FINE.







I INSISTED ON INVITING YOU TO MY HOME, ONLY TO GIVE YOU SUCH POOR FARE AND A SHABBY PLACE TO SLEEP...

I'VE GOT TO SAY, I'M A BIT EMBARRASSED, HAHA...



PLEASE DON'T BE. THE MEAL WAS VERY DELICIOUS.

AND THIS ISN'T SUCH A BAD SPOT TO GET A SOMEWHAT-ETTER.



I DON'T KNOW
IF THIS CAN... MAKE
UP FOR IT...

BUT I'D LIKE TO
OFFER YOU A DRINK
TO APOLOGISE FOR
BEING A POOR HOST.
HOW ABOUT IT, SIR?

OH, NO...
THERE'S NO
NEED FOR
THAT...

IT'S CALLED
CAROUSER'S WINE,
A VINTAGE THAT GOES
THROUGH SEVEN CHANGES
IN FLAVOUR FROM THE
MOMENT IT TOUCHES
YOUR LIPS UNTIL YOU
GULP IT DOWN.

I BOUGHT
IT WHEN I WAS
PASSING THROUGH
THE GWILU REGION.

I.
I SEE...





AH, I JUST
REALISED THAT I
STILL DON'T KNOW
YOUR NAME, SIR.

I'M A PEDLAR
WHO GOES BY THE
NAME OF WANG SUNG.
IF YOU DON'T MIND,
SIR, MAY I ASK
YOUR NAME..?



MY NAME'S
GANG RYONG.



GANG
RYONG...

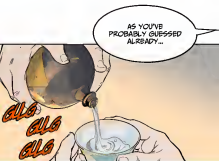


RIGHT, THEN. I
THANK THE HEAVENS FOR
LETTING ME CROSS PATHS
WITH YOU, MASTER GANG.

...







I MET THEM HERE
AND THERE DURING MY
WANDERINGS.



ONE OF
THEM SURVIVED BY
BEGGING, MOVING FROM
ONE VILLAGE TO NEXT, NOT
EVEN KNOWING HIS OWN
NAME OR AGE...



ANOTHER. A BABE
SUCKING ON HIS DEAD
MOTHER'S BREAST IN A
VILLAGE DEVASTATED
BY PLAGUE...



AND THEN THERE
WAS ONE WHO WAS
SOLD TO A TROUPE
OF ACROBATS FOR A
HANDFUL OF RICE TO
FEED HER STARVING
FAMILY.

SHE'D RUN
AWAY AFTER BEING
ABUSED WHEN I FOUND
HER, AND I BROUGHT
HER HOME AFTER
PAYING OFF HER
DEBT.

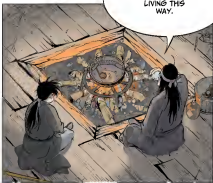






BUT...

I DIDN'T
START OUT
LIVING THIS
WAY.



TO TELL YOU
THE TRUTH, MY
CHILDHOOD WASN'T
ANY DIFFERENT
FROM THAT OF
THESE KIDS.

MAYBE
THAT'S WHY I
DIDN'T HAVE
IT IN ME TO
IGNORE THEM.



*BUT, THE WAY
I GREW UP WAS
QUITE DIFFERENT
FROM THEIRS.*

*A TROUBLE-
MAKER WHO WAS
WELCOMED BY
NO ONE...*

*WHAT KEPT
ME GOING BACK
THEN WAS THE
GRIPPING FEAR
THAT SOMEONE
MIGHT KILL ME
AT ANY TIME.*



I HAD TO USE
WHATEVER MEANS
NECESSARY TO
SURVIVE...

AND TO
SURVIVE, I HAD
TO BECOME
STRONG.



THEFT, ROBBERY,
KIDNAPPING, ASSAULT,
AND EVEN MURDER...

...ARE WICKED DEEDS
THAT NO MAN SHOULD
EVER COMMIT, BUT THEY
WERE PART OF MY DAILY
ROUTINE BACK THEN.



IN A WORD,
I WAS MORE LIKE A
RABID BEAST THAN A
MAN BACK IN THOSE
DAYS.







A PERSON WHO
TAUGHT ME THAT
EVEN TRASH LIKE ME
CAN CHANGE HOW
THEY LIVE.

I'VE
KNOWN HIM
FOR A LONG
TIME.







OH,
BY THE
WAY...



I HEARD A RUMOUR
RECENTLY THAT
SOMEONE CONNECTED
WITH HIS PAST WAS
HEADING THIS WAY IN
SEARCH OF HIM...



IF IT'S NOT
RUDE OF ME
TO ASK...

I'D LIKE TO
KNOW WHY YOU
WANT TO GO TO THE
NAESEONHYANG,
SIR!





I'M GOING THERE TO
CONFIRM THAT THE LEADER
OF THE NAEGONHYANG IS
THE ONE I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR.



AND... IF
HE IS...?









FOR A GUY AS
STRONG AS YOU TO
BEG SOME RIFFRAFF
TO SPARE HIS LIFE...

IT'D BE
WEIRD NOT TO
BE SUSPICIOUS.





I SEE.
MY BAD.

WHEN I HEARD
YOU MENTION THE
'NAESEONHYANG', I
TENSED UP WITHOUT
THINKING.



STILL, I MERELY
THOUGHT YOU WERE
A PECULIAR GUY...

AND DIDN'T
KNOW THAT YOU
WERE AFTER ME,
UNTIL I DRANK
THIS POISONED
WINE.



AHH, IS THAT SO...?
FOR MY PART, I NEVER
THOUGHT THE POISON
WOULDN'T WORK
ON YOU.

THE AMOUNT I'D
COATED THE CUP WITH
WAS ENOUGH TO TAKE
DOWN A BEAR.



THE TRAINING
I WENT THROUGH
TO COUNTER THE
POISON ARTS...

...INCLUDED ONE
THAT STRENGTHENED
MY RESISTANCE TO
POISON, Y'SEE.





IT GIVES ME
ALL THE MORE
REASON...

...TO DENY YOU
PASSAGE TO THE
HAESEONHYANG!



THAT ISN'T
FOR YOU TO
DECIDE.









I'D RATHER
NOT FIGHT IF I
CAN HELP IT...



BUT I WON'T
BE ABLE TO GET
PASTED YOU
OTHERWISE.
RIGHT...?

